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R. SAYRE, Dealer in Household Goods, Groceries, a full assortment of Groceries, Flour, Cheese, Lard, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Oil, Tobacco, Ac. Cash paid for Prime Butter at my store any day in the week.  
10, Middlebury, Vt.

H. S. PUTNAM would inform the people of Middlebury and Addison County that the old Cotton Mill is in full operation, and that he is prepared to furnish carpet wares and hanging of a superior quality, at the lowest cash price.  
Middlebury, Dec. 13, 1872. 39-11

H. TERRILL,  
Devisee, Office hours 9 A. M. to 12 P. M., and 6 to 8 P. M., unless previously engaged.  
10, Middlebury, Vt.

PAINTING.  
I have opened a Paint Shop over Lucia & Dwyer's carriage shop on Cross Street, where, having twenty years experience, I will do any thing in the line of Carriage, Sign, and Ornamental painting on short notice, in the best manner, and at modern prices.  
10, Middlebury, Vt.

MRS. JACKSON, HAIRDRESSER,  
North Pleasant street, Middlebury, Vt. Her constantly on hand, for sale, Hair Switches of various shades of color, to suit all customers. She will give the highest price for head hair and cuttings. Custom work done with the utmost promptness, and satisfaction guaranteed. She has also lately added to her facilities and is now prepared to straighten combings and to bring the hair all together.  
2nd.

NEW HARNESS SHOP.—I HAVE opened a new Harness Shop, in H. L. Sheldon's Block, over Pierce's tobacco store. I am prepared to do new harness, and to repair old harness of all kinds, promptly and at the best prices. My terms will be as easy as any other harness shop. I solicit the patronage, and flatter myself I can suit my customers.  
JOSEPH T. GAUDIN, Middlebury, Vt., March 15, 1873. 39-11

NOTICE.  
Having purchased the Saloon formerly kept by Wm. H. Ellis, it is my intention to keep a FIRST-CLASS BOARDING HOUSE. Hot and cold meals at all hours, and all the luxuries in their season. I hope to merit the patronage of the public which I feel sure I will receive.  
JASPER DENN, Middlebury, June 1, 1873. 11

STORE AND GOODS IN BRIDPORT.  
The store and goods formerly owned by F. P. Fletcher, deceased, are for sale, and an opportunity is now offered to the public to purchase the same. The store is a well known and established business, with a good stock of goods, and a large number of customers. This is a rare chance for anyone wishing to go into business, and one that will not require a large capital.  
For particulars and terms of sale, apply to Mrs. G. O. Chapman, Adm'r.  
4817

FARM FOR SALE.  
A superior 100-acre farm, situated in the east part of Shelburne, formerly known as the Stokely Farm. Said farm is in a good state of cultivation, a good grain and farm, with a good orchard, besides a variety of smaller fruit trees. The farm is well fenced, buildings in good repair, one barn 30x40, one horse-shed, one sheep pen, one cow shed, one hog pen, one chicken house, and a good house, with a good water supply, situated near school, and near the church, store and post-office. Farming tools and team will be sold with the farm, if desired. For particulars and terms of sale, apply to Mrs. G. O. Chapman, Adm'r.  
4817

CENTRAL VT. RAILROAD,  
RUTLAND DIVISION.  
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.  
MOVING NORTH—Night express leaves Burlington at 11:25 p.m.; Middlebury at 12:30 a.m.; Rutland at 1:30 a.m.; Vergennes at 2:30 a.m.; Brandon at 3:30 a.m.; Winooski at 4:30 a.m.; St. Albans at 5:30 a.m.; White River Junction at 6:30 a.m.; Montpelier at 7:30 a.m.; St. Albans at 8:30 a.m.; Burlington at 9:30 a.m.  
MOVING SOUTH—Night express leaves Burlington at 11:25 p.m.; Middlebury at 12:30 a.m.; Rutland at 1:30 a.m.; Vergennes at 2:30 a.m.; Brandon at 3:30 a.m.; Winooski at 4:30 a.m.; St. Albans at 5:30 a.m.; White River Junction at 6:30 a.m.; Montpelier at 7:30 a.m.; St. Albans at 8:30 a.m.; Burlington at 9:30 a.m.

# The Middlebury Register.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., MAY 4, 1875. NO. 7.

## "Tin Wedding" Song.

BY MRS. W. W. THOMAS.  
Air, "Annie Lale."  
Changing years of joy and sadness,  
Gilding with its golden hand,  
Bring again the faithful gladness  
Of our wedding day.

And we pause with tender greeting  
For the happy day,  
Bidding us, this hour of meeting,  
Early years renew.

Chorus:  
Friends we give this earnest welcome  
To our home so bright;  
Joy shall thrill with olden music  
Heart and lip to-night.

Years ago the church bell called us  
Through the aisle so dim,  
Where the organ tones were swelling  
Round a marriage hymn.

There hope and love were glowing  
Unknown pain to tread,  
And time's hand had richly blossomed  
On our faithful bond.

Lo, we stand in peace united,  
Life's waves have laved us round,  
Warmer, truer love is lighted  
On our faithful bond.

On the voyage love we listen  
For the dipping oar,  
Heart to heart in loving looking  
For a brighter shore.

Chorus:  
One sweet face uplifted beside us,  
One voice joins our joy,  
And an angel smile is gleaming  
Through our happy day.

God be praised! for many a crown we  
Pursue and find,  
If this gift His hand has yielded  
Of this endless joy.

Some who watched us in our childhood  
And whose flower-strewn graves have hidden  
Much of earthly cheer,  
But we have found our path made plain  
As in days gone by.

When our household hand shall gather  
In the home on high,  
Tears shall find no place among us,  
We'll love shall reign.

For the hand first given in Eden  
Hath for us no pain,  
Blessed years whose faith and duty  
Prompt the covenant new.

Blessed hope, to lead with beauty  
All the journey through!  
Chorus:  
Proprietor Home.

## Byron's Last Effort.

So long as time continues to unfold his  
various and instructive scroll, will the  
genius of Byron enchain the sympathies  
of all who possess intellects capable of  
appreciating the grandeur of his muse and  
the towering magnificence of his imagery.

Alas! that while this remains the case,  
there must ever likewise remain a world-  
wide sorrow, the dark specter of his  
domestic suffering should so constantly  
arise to cast a funeral gloom over all  
otherwise so bright in his being and his  
genius!

In 1822 Lord Byron was in Italy.  
Surfited with pleasure and renown, he  
went wandering about from place to place,  
a broken-hearted and hopeless exile.  
So young, so handsome, and so brilliant,  
full of the liquid waters of life, he was  
yet one person living who could have  
reckoned himself in his throbbing bosom  
and restored him with matured powers to  
himself and the world. That person was  
Lady Byron.

In the winter of 1822-3, she also went  
to Italy, to spend the season at the  
fashionable resort of Nice, then a part  
of the Italian dominions. She traveled in  
company, and her journeys and abiding  
places while on the continent were known  
only to a few of her intimate acquaintances.  
The poet, however, through some  
one of his numerous friends, heard of her  
arrival at Nice. His great heart bounded  
with renewed hope.

His mighty spirit,  
so seldom bowed, bent with the desire to  
receive once more the embraces of his  
family, and to be reconciled to his  
faithful protector and confidant, his  
wife had passed each other, and the  
heart of Byron was effectually softened.  
He had realized the force of the touching  
words: "Absence makes the heart grow  
fonder." Who can picture the hopes and  
fears which racked the mind of Byron at  
this period? Did he fancy that Lady  
Byron, as might easily have been imagin-  
ed, had come to Italy to meet the  
chances of meeting with him, and of  
effecting a reconciliation between them,  
which would forever have redounded to  
the honor of her nature and proclaimed  
the tenderness of her disposition? Did he  
impulsively conclude that if he could  
once more meet and speak confidentially  
with her, all would yet be well? Did he  
behold visions, in the future, of a  
happy home and loving family crown-  
ing the glory of a mighty name?

Whatever were his thoughts, hopes or  
fears, he resolved to see her, and if pos-  
sible surprise her into the opportunity of  
a reconciliation. And now, casting away  
every feeling of pride, and every fear  
that might have seemed an impediment to  
his honorable and noble design, he  
thought of nothing, evidently with this  
one thought dwarfing all others in his ardent  
nature.

Arriving at the hotel where Lady By-  
ron was domiciled, his plans were soon  
matured; and all who are familiar with  
the peculiarities of the poet's nature, will  
perceive how highly characteristic they  
were of his disposition, however out of the  
common, or—as indeed was not he—under  
all circumstances and always? He  
resolved to surprise her by suddenly ap-  
pearing before her in a lively spirit, and  
that of the servant who waited upon her.  
No doubt he presumed that such tempo-  
rarily assumed humiliation, and the un-  
conquerable desire to meet her which he  
must evidence, would have the effect of  
materially influencing her favorably to-  
ward him, especially when joined to the  
eloquence of his presence and the  
eloquence of his address. The sequel  
saddly proved that by following these gen-  
eral and impulsive impulses, he had  
wholly miscalculated the result as well  
as the subject of the effort.

Having procured a suit of livery and  
bribed the chief servant of the hotel to  
allow him to take the place of the attend-  
ant who answered Lady Byron's bell,  
when she next rang it he quickly ap-  
peared before her. As may be supposed, his  
unassuming and unassuming—his un-  
assuming as ever! Perceiving that he  
was recognized, Byron hastily expressed  
his joy at seeing her, begged her forgive-  
ness, promised in the future to atone for  
all the faults of the past, and at last im-  
plored that she would speak to him, if  
only one single word. His appeal, how-  
ever, was a mortal stroke, for he never  
moved as a marble statue, her features

pale and rigid, she violently rang the bell  
beside her, and thus summoning the ser-  
vants of the house, abruptly terminated  
the interview by ordering her husband's  
forcible expulsion from her presence.

From that time, more than ever before,  
Byron's mighty spirit was effectually  
broken; he found himself now indeed  
without hope in the world; and in a state  
of dejection and dismay, such as few men  
have ever suffered, he retired to commune  
more sadly than ever with the immortal  
muse, and the more dangerous personifica-  
tions supplying its alternative.

Lady Kavanagh, who was then at  
Nice, occupying apartments adjoining  
those of Lady Byron, with whom she was  
especially intimate, communicated the  
circumstances to her niece, Mrs. Jane  
Kelly, of Strathclyde, Queens County,  
Ireland; and they are well known to the  
children of that lady, who now reside in  
the American city of Brooklyn.

Lady Kavanagh was in her own apart-  
ments when the occurrence took place;  
and being attracted by the unusual noise  
and bustle which it created, she proceed-  
ed to inquire the cause, thus coming al-  
most immediately after into the presence  
of Lady Byron, who, as we have seen, had  
been expelled from the room.

Lord Byron, before Lady Kavanagh was  
present with her, alone, and heard a recital  
of the incident from the lady's own lips.  
Lady Kavanagh described her as having  
been in a state of nervous agitation, com-  
plaining of the cruelty of the shock which  
the occurrence had inflicted on her, but  
uttering not one word of sympathy for  
her forsaken husband—not one solitary  
reflection on the stern severity of her  
conduct toward him. Whether she ever  
expressed, or indeed experienced, at her  
subsequent time, either regret for her re-  
ception of Byron on this affecting occa-  
sion, or sympathy with his broken and  
hopeless condition, will now probably for-  
ever remain unknown; but judging from  
the incident itself, as well as from others  
in her biography, such feelings had slight  
if any affinity with her general character  
and disposition. Yet it is difficult to  
conceive of a heart in which such remem-  
brances might not at some unexpected  
moment strike a latent chord of tenderness.  
Whether they did so or not, the  
words of the poet who exclaims,

"Too late! You've crushed the light out of a  
genie  
Yet did not know the price of life. Had you spoken  
But one kind word—"

seems to have a singular application to  
the incident.

But even this was not the end. How-  
ever broken and almost hopeless, Lord  
Byron did not discontinue his personal  
effort at reconciliation, and he traveled  
about with a constant effort to dis-  
cuss the subject of his domestic misfor-  
tune. He was, however, so completely  
defeated by the failure of his efforts, that  
he finally felt that the surprise might  
have been too much for Lady Byron's  
nervous system, and that after time for  
calm reflection she might possibly regret  
the inexorable course she had pursued,  
and perhaps gladly embrace a similar op-  
portunity if it should be again offered.

As it happened, however, that she  
soon again "stood by her word," and  
what, alas! seems to have been un-  
changeable. On this second occasion he  
disguised himself as a coachman, and suc-  
ceeded in mounting her carriage. His  
success, however, was no better than  
before; for no sooner had Lady Byron  
become aware of his identity, than she  
vehemently and unflinchingly repudiated  
him, again firmly declining to hold even  
one moment's intercourse with him.

It was Lady Kavanagh who likewise  
related this circumstance, and further  
alleged that her authority for it, as for  
the other, was Lady Byron herself, who  
seemed rather proud than regretful at the  
attitude which she had thus maintained.

Lady Byron soon afterward left Italy,  
and traveling through France returned to  
England. With her after-history, his  
hasty sketch has no connection. They  
have not been wanting those who consid-  
ered her mentally somewhat disordered,  
either through temperament or the agita-  
tions of her marital troubles; and in the  
light of such a supposition she might be  
judged with otherwise impossible leniency.

Byron also left Italy the following  
year, but not for England. The land of  
his childhood knew him no more. He  
sailed for Greece, no doubt first seeking  
the inspiration of the old Hellenic land,  
but to become, later, though so briefly,  
a sharer in one of the most praiseworthy  
enterprises of his century—the attempt to  
free the land of Spartan valor and Ho-  
meric song. There, beyond doubt, his  
muse received fresh and if possible more  
exalted inspiration; but there, all too  
soon, he breathed forth his life, even if  
misguided spirit, passing to that yet more  
distant land where the pains and troubles  
of mortality are unknown, and where  
there are those who believe that the  
trifling errors of this life are magnani-  
mously forgiven.—From *The Atlantic* for May.

## A Legend About Lawyers— How One Came to be in Heaven.

Translated from the French.  
A journal lately announced that a pe-  
tition had been presented to the minister  
of justice requesting that the office of  
justice of the peace should be accessible to  
retired sheriffs, and not pertain to  
lawyers exclusively. I was talking with  
a sheriff about this request recently, and he  
said with great heat:

"Why not? We are as good as the  
lawyers. Perhaps we are better. Of  
what are they so proud? Is it true, as  
is said, that the sheriffs have never fur-  
nished a saint for Paradise? I do not  
dispute it. But the lawyers have fur-  
nished but a few. I am not a saint, but  
I am a lawyer, and even he entered hea-  
ven by a trick worthy of his trade."

"Ah! said I, 'is there indeed a law-  
yer in heaven? I am very surprised me-  
lancholy to believe that the celestial dwelling  
is guarded against lawyers. Tell me, if  
you can, how he got there.'"

"Willingly. About three centuries  
ago, a lawyer slipped into heaven under  
a fictitious name—that of his cousin, the  
Abbe de Citeaux, who had just died in  
the full vigor of holiness. All went well,  
and he was not suspected, till he got tired  
of dwelling in the outskirts of the court,  
and he set out to take a survey of the  
heavenly country, starting at every body,  
right and left, as he had always done  
in Paris when looking out for a good client."

"A cause! a cause! I must have a  
cause!" said he, clenching his fist.—"I  
want a cause, even if I plead for no foe."

But for a long time his search was vain.  
Everybody was happy and joyous. No  
body was thinking of lawsuits. He was  
dismayed—furious. All at once he espi-  
ed a young woman clad in low mourning  
robes, who with eyes downcast, and mel-  
ancholy brow, walked slowly along, lead-  
ing a child by the hand.

"Victory!" cried our man, making a  
joyous gambol. Behold the cause! Be-  
hold the widow and the orphan!"

With a turn of his hand he adjusted  
his band, draped his robe elegantly, and  
presented himself to the widow, making  
one of his most amiable bows. "Madame  
is a plaintiff," said he in a hoarse voice.  
"Oh! you may have, Madame, all con-  
fidence in my ability. For the rest, I have  
the ear of the tribunal. Have you the  
papers? As for just—"

The lady raised her head and uttered a  
cry of terror. "Mon Dieu!" said she,  
"but this man is Mons. Parlecreux!" At  
the cry raised by the widow, a great  
crowd gathered. They surrounded her,  
they questioned her, they understood the  
truth. Immediately a general clamor re-  
sounded under the whole celestial vault.

"A lawyer! there is a lawyer in Pa-  
radise! But what is St. Peter thinking of?"  
St. Peter soon arrived on the spot. He  
perceived his error, and commanded the  
introducer to leave instantly a dwelling that  
was forbidden him. The lawyer, intimi-  
dated for an instant, soon recovers his as-  
surance. He mounts a small elevation,  
turns up his coat-sleeves, blows his nose,  
looks at his watch, and then, extending his  
hands toward his auditors, he says:

"What? Why? Wherefore? In what  
manner? When?"

"You're me!" blurted says the guar-  
dian of heaven. "Go hence. I have al-  
ready said it. I repeat it to you."

"I consent to it if only the thing is done  
legally. I demand permission to put a  
question to the tribunal."

"But if quickly, then."

"Gentlemen, if there is in the universe  
a place where law ought to be respect-  
ed, it is here, in the sanctuary of eternal  
justice. Well then, according to the law,  
a lodger cannot be expelled except by legal  
summons, served by the sheriff. I await  
my summons, and till then I reserve my  
defence."

St. Peter was moved by this reasoning.  
"So be it. Let a sheriff be called to serve  
summons. Several officers immediately  
started in quest of a sheriff. But they  
all came back without him. "Well,"  
said St. Peter, "where is the sheriff?"

"Sure enough," said St. Peter, I had  
forgotten it, but there was never one of  
them admitted here. What shall we do  
not to violate the law?" The lawyer  
nearly swooned with delight at St. Peter's  
embarrassment. He said: "The sheriff  
will bring my summons is not yet born."

St. Peter was mightily set back.  
One of his advisers whispered, to let  
a sheriff enter Paradise for a short time,  
just long enough to turn the lawyer out.  
"That'll never do," said he. "You do  
not know lawyers. This man would not  
leave the place until he had conquered the  
legality of the summons. He would  
plunge us into the muddy waters of the  
law, and he would not leave us after all.  
And then, you see, I should have a law-  
yer and a sheriff, both on my hands. Ex-  
cuse me, but the first is enough."

And this is how there came to be one  
lawyer in heaven, and no more.

## European Bone Caves.

The osseous remains of European bone  
caves are chiefly those of bears and  
hyenas, intermingled with the bones of  
wolves, foxes, gluttons, horses, oxen,  
deer, mammoths, and other extinct  
animals. The bones of the latter are  
preponderant in the bones of carnivores,  
it has been suggested that the bones  
served formerly to those animals of prey  
as dens, into which they introduced their  
victims, torn or entire, to feed their  
young; and there is ample evidence that  
this was the case to some extent. Hyenas  
evidently have inhabited certain caves  
and reared their young in them. Bears  
likewise retire to caves, chiefly during  
hibernation, but according to Vogt, are  
not in the habit of introducing bones.  
Yet such occupations of the caves by  
bears and hyenas, even through many  
generations, can not account for the  
astonishing number of bones found in  
some of them. In the cave of Gallenreuth,  
in Bavaria, were discovered within ninety  
years the remains of at least eight hun-  
dred cave-bears; and from the same cave  
Dr. Buckland has calculated that there  
were five hundred animals of the same  
species there entombed. Large  
collections of bones, moreover, are found  
in caves with entrances so high that no  
living animals could have had access to  
them. The rolled stones, finally, which,  
as we have mentioned, often underlie the  
bone earth or are mingled with it, certainly  
do not point to their places by wild  
beasts. It must be assumed, therefore,  
that the bone caves owe their deposits to  
a great measure to the agency of water.  
The surface of Europe, as we have shown,  
was subject to great changes at these re-  
mote periods when the now lost animals  
were still in existence, and we have  
alluded to the causes by which floods,  
more or less extensive, were produced.  
When the then higher levels of the water-  
courses, and their increased swiftness are  
taken into consideration, it would seem  
to require no great stretch of fancy for  
imagining in what manner pebbles, mud,  
shells, and bones, fresh as well as decayed,  
were introduced into the caves, even into  
such as are now found high above the  
bottoms of valleys. In some caves con-  
taining no pebbles the mud may have been  
gradually deposited by the melting of  
snow. Caves, undoubtedly, were the first  
depositories of primitive man. They  
afforded him protection against the in-  
clemency of the weather, against the  
attacks of wild beasts and of enemies of  
his own race. Occasionally he also  
deposited there his dead. Hence the  
human remains found in bone caves may  
be, in a number of cases at least, relics  
left by the former occupants. Some-  
times, however, believe that human bones  
were mostly washed into the caves  
like the animal remains and other  
materials there deposited.—From *The  
Stone Age in Europe*, by CHARLES RAU,  
in *Harper's Magazine* for May.

A city contemporary observes that  
"Minnesota's grasshoppers did not swarm  
west a cent compared with Boston  
babies in spring."

## Prof. Renaud on the Beecher Trial.

The Beecher trial is attracting much  
attention among the legal minds of Eu-  
rope. An exhaustive review of the  
plaintiff's case and the opening of the de-  
fendant's counsel, written by Professor  
Renaud of Heidelberg University, has  
appeared in the Archives of Modern  
Jurisprudence, the leading law journal of  
Germany. Prof. Renaud is said to be  
one of the most eminent jurists of Ger-  
many. The Brooklyn Eagle has trans-  
lated and published a portion of this re-  
markable article. We have room for  
only a portion of the translation. Prof.  
Renaud says:

Having carefully examined the opening  
address of the plaintiff's counsel, the evi-  
dence of the plaintiff's witnesses, and the  
opening address of the defendant's counsel,  
I can but arrive at one conclusion,  
and from conversation with many of my  
professional brethren, who take an equal  
interest with myself in this great trial,  
I herewith deliberately contend that it is  
the conviction of the legal minds of Ger-  
many, Austria and France that the plain-  
tiff's case is a masterpiece of legal art,  
and it is a matter of surprise that, under  
the laws of America, he should have been  
non-suited after his evidence was in.

In actions of this kind, character should  
weigh more than anything else. The  
plaintiff, from his own words, stands con-  
victed of having told different stories on  
the subject. His charges against the  
defendant grow more serious as his an-  
tagonist declines to furnish discon-  
fession, and the case, instead of being  
a matter of fact, becomes a matter of  
law. We look in vain for the damask ta-  
ble cloth, the steaming urn, the symmetri-  
cal arrangement of plate and china, that  
welcome us in the middle class English  
household. No trim girls in bright col-  
ored or well cut homespun gowns; no  
young men, whose fresh faces tell of tubs  
and Turkish towels, are here to greet us.  
There may be a linen cloth upon the table  
(though the same drama is so often gen-  
eral), and there will be a coffee pot, and  
milk-jug, and sugar basin, set anyhow,  
anywhere; a basket, either of wicker or  
Japan, piled up with fresh *Semmeln*,  
perhaps a stray plate or two; a disorderly  
group of cups of different colors and  
designs; no butter; no knives and forks;  
possibly a plate with a few milk rolls;  
or, at the best, a few milk rolls; and the  
breakfast equipage is complete.

The first comer (it is a lady, in dress-  
ing gown and cap; if a man, in dressing  
gown and slippers) will help her, or himself  
to coffee and rolls, probably eating and  
drinking like peripatetic philosophers, for  
there is no inducement to "sit down and  
make yourself comfortable." If it be  
winter time, the coffee pot and milk-jug  
will be placed on the stove instead of on  
the table; and the next comer will go  
to the kitchen for a second cup of coffee,  
starting on the way for the door, for the  
enjoyment of the post-prandial cigar, or  
to supplement the somewhat scanty repast  
represented "mysteries of the toilet."

The last comer will enjoy the dregs of the  
coffee pot and the dregs of the milk jug  
on an oil cloth over or crumpled table  
cloth, slopped with the surplusage of sug-  
gar, coffee cups, and besprinkled with  
the crumbs of consumed rolls.—*Frazer's  
Magazine*.

There remain, then, the plaintiff's wit-  
nesses. One is the mysterious Moulton.  
He is described as a smart business man  
—practical, energetic, and endowed with  
hard, common sense. What drew him  
into this maelstrom of bad passions?

Friendship for the plaintiff, he says. How  
can this be? The defendant is a man of  
delphia on Thursday we get some facts  
of interest. Thirty-one foreign Govern-  
ments have accepted the invitations to  
participate in the Exposition. The main  
Exhibition Building, 188 feet long, 100  
feet broad, and covering more than twenty  
acres, has all the foundations laid,  
while the manufacture of its iron frame  
work and glass work is in an advanced  
condition. There is no doubt that it will  
be completed at the stipulated time, Jan.  
1, 1876. The Art Gallery, begun last  
4th of July, is also in a forward state.  
The Machinery Hall, the Horticultural  
Building and the Agricultural Building  
will all be ready according to contract.  
The grounds about the buildings will be  
enclosed by a three mile fence, and will  
have walks and roads of a total length of  
seven miles. A system of thorough  
drainage has been devised, and there will  
be an abundant supply of water for all  
the purposes of the exhibition. The  
facilities for transportation, in the opinion  
of one who has had experience with all  
the European exhibitions, will be more  
perfect than any afforded by the latter.  
On the subject of finances the committee  
are greatly encouraged by the increased  
interest in the centennial affairs apparent  
of late throughout the country. Within  
a month \$100,000 have been added to  
the subscription list, and this is regarded  
as the precursor of larger amounts to  
follow regularly. For the benefit of  
those who may subscribe for the stock,  
the committee state, "We will be re-  
sponsible for all the cost and ex-  
penses incurred and to be incurred, that  
if the number of paying subscribers to  
the exhibition, at fifty cents each, shall reach  
100,000—a number but little exceeding  
the admissions to the Paris Exposition  
of 1867—they will be able to return  
every dollar to the stockholders."

## Giant Trees in California.

It has been supposed that the Sierra  
Sierrita, or big trees of California, were  
confined to a few small and isolated groves  
like those known to tourists by the name  
of Calaveras, Tuolumne, Merced and  
Mariposa, scattered at considerable in-  
tervals along the western slope of the  
mountains for a distance of sixty miles.  
It was known that a collection of big  
trees, larger than any of those in the  
Mariposa and Calaveras regions exists in  
Fresno county, where Thomas's Mill has  
for several years been sawing this red  
wood of the Sierra to supply the market  
for the building of the end, when the  
photographic work was resumed, and fifty  
more pictures taken. The third and  
fourth contacts were also observed, and  
measures of cups taken with the double-  
image micrometer.

The first contact was sixty-eight sec-  
onds later and the second contact was  
seventy-five seconds later than the com-  
puted time, while the third and fourth  
contacts were forty-two and sixty-five  
seconds earlier than the predictions. This  
indicates for the solar diameter a smaller  
value than the one used in the predic-  
tions, and agrees nearly with that deduced  
by Leverrier from previous transits.

It was pointed out by Mr. Hill, of the  
American Nautical Almanac office, in

his memoir on the transit, that the Eng-  
lish predictions would be "considerably  
in error," on account of the adoption of  
an apparent diameter for the sun which  
was deduced from meridian observations  
only, and we may note that nearly all the  
English observers have reported an error  
in the neighborhood of two minutes in  
their predicted times of first contact. It  
seems to be fairly settled, if indeed there  
was any doubt about it previously, that  
different apparent diameters must be  
used for the sun in reducing meridian  
observations, and for such observations as  
celestial and transits of the inferior plan-  
ets. This is quite analogous to the fact  
that the moon's diameter from observa-  
tions is considerably smaller than that  
derived from meridian observations.

Professor Watson also notes certain evi-  
dences of an atmosphere surrounding Ven-  
us, and from his observations at third  
contact obtains an approximate value for  
its depth.

The American party at Kerguelen  
Land, under Lieutenant-Commander  
Ryan and Train, has been only partially  
successful. Neither of the internal con-  
tacts was observed, but some photographs  
were taken. The English party on the  
same island observed the progress of the  
eclipse, the latter observation being satis-